OLD TIME CRAZES IN AMUSEMENT THAT HAVE PASSED AWAY. The Scroll Saw Hasn't Even Been Heard Of

for a Long Time. The Printing Press Is Missing. Other Devices That Every Boy Had to Have Are Gone. The New Things. The man in the ulster came bustling into the little toy shop and announced in an openair sort of a voice:

want to get a scroll saw." was well along in the evening, and the rush of the holiday trade was nearly over for the season, so the toy shop man felt at leisure. leaned over his counter and looked at the man in the uister with something of the interest which one gives to a relic or rare object.
"A scroll saw," he rereated in tones of mild

thing in stock " 'Oh, I hope you have," said the other with some eagerness. "I've been around to half a dozen shops, and they haven't any of them got a saw of the kind in the place."

"That's not to be wondered at," replied the in the back storeroom and see if you can fish out one of those old-fashioned scroll saws." 'Hold on, there," interrupted the customer "I don't want any of your old worn out goods.

I want the newest thing in scroll saws."
"That's all right," was the reply. "I'm trying to get you what you want. You've been away for a good while, haven't you?"

Should reckon I had. There's been time for a boy to grow up and be a man since I struck this part of the world. All the old boys used to know have grown up and have got boys of their own, and I'm looking to get something for a holiday present for one of those boys now. That's what I'm chasing scroll

"Well, sir," said the shopman, "I'll be glad to sell you one if I have it, but I may as well tell you that the boy won't know what it's for, in probability, and he won't care for it when be finds out."

Won't know what it's for?" cried the stran-"Why when I left here a kid didn't think is parents were doing the square thing by him unless he had a seroll saw, and when I found out by slick questioning that Paul's connester didn't have such a thing to his name I said to myself. There is a kid that hasn't had fair show in life and I'll just give him a

"My dear sir." said the toy man philosoph leally, "the mutability of the human mind is best illustrated in the case of the youth of the species. The fads of boyhood are more stringent laws than the follies of fashion." "Do you mean to tell me that the boy of the

present day doesn't play marbles?" cried the For answer the shopman pulled out a drawer filled with "glassies," "crockeries," "taws," 'mibs," "chauses," and various other species

of rolling joys of boybood That looks like old times," said the customer, glancing over them with approving eyes. "How about tops and kites?"

There are some sports that will last unchanged as long as boys walk on two legs, I suppose," said the toy man, "and those are

That's a relief to the mind. I didn't know but you were going to tell me that the kids of this vicinity nowadays spent all their time singing hymns and declining Latin nouns. 'If you could have seen the way I had to

chain my ash barrels down last election time to keep them from adding to the glory of the cecasion by forming part of a bonfire that the youth of this neighborhood got up without reference to politics I don't think you'd think so. I guess they aren't any more grown up than you were at the same time of life."

"Then, what's the matter with my scroll saw?" Nothing on earth except that it's out of

"Nothing on earth except that it's out of style. Oh, you don't need; to tell me how popular they used to be. I can remember perfectly well when everybody had the scroll-saw craze and all the men in town, as well as the bove, were puttering away at their faner work, for all the world like a lot of women getting the serious work of the day done before the sewing bee began..."
"And it was a perfect cinch that when Christmas came around you dget let in for wall brackets and siloe racks and picture frames and all kinds of useful knick-knacks that your friends had sawed out of slabs of black walnut.

"Well, that's all over and done with years and years ago. It's been superseded by a dozen other fads, each of which took just about as firm a hold on the juvenile nubile."

"Since my time, I guess, 'said the stranger, Tive been out of the world or hustling around it too fast to have time for getting acquainted with the youngsters and knowing what their notions are."

"Well, I can't remember half of them off-

hand, though I am in the business of supply-ing those wants," said the toy man. "Seems to me it wasn't very long after the scroll-saw craze that people, and particularly the young-sters, took to writing schemes like fancy pens and such. You couldn't persuade a schooling Well, I can't remember half of them off-

and such. Toll collidate the residue a scholboy in the city that he could do his work unless he had a patent pen of a varticular kind, and it looked for a while as if the Board of Education might have to supply them. The teachers caught it from the publis, and it spread through the whole community."

"I remember a man out on the coast trying to sell me some sort of an electric pen that didn't write with ink, but jubbed little holes in the paper with a needle," observed the customer.

didn't write with ink, but jabbed little heles in the paper with a needle," observed the customer.

Yes, that was one variety of the fad," assented the shorman. "Well, the pen played out pretty soon and was succeeded by type. Every boy who could gets hand printing press, a little backing and an old shed or back kitchen for a habital organized a stock commany and set up in the printing business for himself. The bills, dedgers and announcements that resulted from that printing fever wonin make a mighty interesting collection to paste on a wall. As I remember them they revised the English language pretty extensively. About half of the printing press owners got out newspapers, too, and undoubtedly acquired a pretty considerable education. I should put that down as one of the most useful fads of the lot, but it had its little day, like all the rest, and was over and forgotten. Some years later a genus, who must have been a boy once himself, invented an improved and rather high-oriced pougue that burst holes in a sheet of paper by compressed air with the report of a revelver. It made a lot of a like and was quitesharmless—though I dare say that didn't endear it to the invented mind- and for one season the streets sounded like a battlefield during a severe action. That was all very well as far as the boys went, but horses took a strange dislike to the racket and after the popular and and counded up a few dozen of the teorguners that form of seart was mainly confined to back varies and indoors."

"Sort of a scientific toy," suggested the stranger.

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"Sort of a scientific toy," suggested the stranger.

"No; there was nothing scientific about it. At least it wasn't on the principle of inculcating sciencé into the youthful mind. But there was a man got out a book and a box of scientific experiments for the young, warran'ed harmless, some time later, and it was very topular for parlor shows in some parts of the cauntry. I'm told. It never caught on very strong here. Well, after the porgun came the aircan. Talk about teaching the young idea how to shoot! That's the motto we had in our window when we were selling so many of those articles. Why, there were netually a couple of eases of suicide by young boxs because their parents wouldn't give them airguns, fight in thus city. I suppose it's nature in every boy to want a gun, and these airguns illied the bill because parents didn't consider them deadly. They weren't, either, unless a boy haybened to get hit in the eye with the slug. It was a great fad then to have target matches for prizes."

"Now, I can see some use in that," said the stranger with approval. "It's a good thing for any man to know how to use a gun. It makes him careful."

"That's your view of it, is it?" remarked the shopkeeter with some hitterness. "Well, you never owned a house full of windows where the air was full of head sings and little steel pins with feathers to make them sheet airging I lost almost as much in broken glass as i made in profits on the airgins I sold, and there was a mishty hee profit, at that."

"Not as harmless as the pergun game, ch?" suggested the stranger.

"Well, hardly. There was a preleases of

"Not as narmices as the table of the season of suggested the stranger.
"Well, hardly. There was a predecessor of the argum that wasn't harmless, either; the cross-bow, mainly used to shoot at starrows. That cost a great bit in whole we glass for the was played out. The most innocent form of the shooting tad was the snep-shot graze.

form of the showing fad was the snow-shot erage.

"The camera pop, chi" said the customer. "I guess that was prefix universal. I struck it down in Paragnay inst before our litt's turn-in with the Spaniards when we weren't very popular down there, and a twe-took hid liked map with one of the small cameras and above it to the wild folks at home as an Americano. How his placed with an all the Americanos looked like nigher of that hid hard enough to bring on an international complication."

"Yes, I guess the camera had about as general a popularity is snivthing, taking it all in all, but the grandest, whilest crage of all was the roller skating craze. People simply went wild over it, old and young, but principally the "Gawd knows, ma'am!"

FORES IN FADS OF BOYS.

INFO CRAZES IN AMUSEMENT

HAT HATE PASSED AWAI.

cill Saw Haan't Even Been Heard Of Long Time—The Printing Press Is ing.—Other Devices That Every Boy to Have Are Gone—The New Things. nan in the ulster came busiling into toy shor and announced in an openia to to get a seroll saw."

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so to the world. All the old boys of the toy of the toy of the toy of

last for a good while and all the youngsters are after them."

"Guess I won't risk it," said the stranger.

"I'd hate to get a wheel for the kid and find it was superannuated next year. On the strength of what you say I'll just dodge downtown and blow in what I've got on candy, with a couple of good four-bladed knives for the boy to keep. I guess knives aren't out of fashion with any kid that can find a bit of wood to whirtle, and I know candy don't last long enough around a healthy boy to get very stale. Much obliged for your pointers," concluded the man in the ulster as he walked out.

"This telling all you know at once doesn't pay," said the shonman to himself ruefully, as he went back to tell Jim that the scroll saw wasn't needed, meditating on a lost sale.

SURPRISE TO THE NEW YORKER.

The "Hayseed" from Lyons, N. Y., Showed Him a Few Things About Broadway.

The man who has lived in New York citygrough of Manhattan-all his lifetime, and thinks he knows pretty much all about the place is sometimes taken down a peg or two by the observing man from the country. A member of the Stock Exchange, who invariably walks for after-business exercise from his office in Wall street up Broadway to Park place. where he turns down to the elevated railroad station at Church street, had a country friend with him the other afternoon. The friend lives in Lyons, N. Y., and has not been in New York city more than ten times in his life. But that Lyons man is a close observer.

"There's system in numbering buildings in this town," he remarked. "Washington with its 'northeast' and 'southeast,' and 'northwest' and 'southwest' streets puzzle one greatly, but here in New York a fellow soon finds out that the avenues all run one way and the numbered streets run across the avenues. and that Fifth avenue is the central line so far "Right you are," replied the Wall street man

'It is only the 'hayseed' that gets mixed here, and he gets that way right on big Broadway." and he prodded his country friend in the ribs and he prodded his country friend in the ribs with the handle of his cane and laughed.
"I don't see," said the man from Lyons, "how a man who has lived in New York all his life and goes up Broadway from Wall street every day, as you do, could fail to make his way, because all numbers of buildings are so plainly displayed, with the odd numbers on one side and the even numbers on the other, as in all good towns."

one side and the even numbers on the other, as in all good towns."

"Just so," said the Wall street man.
The pair by this time were at the southwest corner of Cedar street.

"Now," said the hayseed, "here we are on the southwest corner of Broadway and Cedar street. Let's see, Yes, that's it. We are standing in froat of No. 119. Now the number of the next building ought to be, according to rule, No. 121, ought'n't it?"
The New Yorker said that it wasn't a question of what it ought to be, for "the building is No. 121."

or the drinks?" said the man from Lyons, or a champagne supper for four," said the Yorker.

men stepped along to the building next of the stepped along to the building next or the stepped said.

"For a champagne supper for four," said the New Yorker.

The men stepped along to the building next to No. 119 and north of it—Cedar street separating the two buildings—and looked up at the number. The New Yorker stared. He took off his glasses, rubbed them and stared again, lie walked back to No. 119 and then walked again to the next building, north. The number is plain. It is No. 135.

He had suddenly discovered that there are no Nos. 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133 on Broadway and that Nos. 119 and 135 are within thirty feet of each other; and, worse than all, the man who had revealed the situation to his metropolitan eyes was a "hayseed."

metropolitan eyes was a "hayseed."
The man from Lyons laughed at his friend's discomfiture. "While you are looking at No. 135." said he, "wondering why you don't know everything and your back is turned toward the east side of the street, let me ask you this: the east side of Broadway being the side for

ven numbers, they naturally run straight by

the east side of Broadway being the side for even numbers, they naturally run straight by two s, don't they?

"Sure," was the Wall street man's reply.

"Well, now let me take a look. I see over there, two doors north of Cedar street, No. 140. What is the number north, next to that?"

"Why, No. 142, of course."

"Hight."

"Thought you caught me again, didn't you?" chuckled the man from Wall street.

"What is the number of the building next o and south of No. 140?" queried the hayseed.

"No. 38, of course."

"Well, turn around and take a look."

"The Wall street man threw up his hands. He was eight points on the wrong tack. The number is 130, and yet the entrance way of 130 is not five feet away from that of 140. A countryman had showed him that on one side of Broadway there are no numbers 132, 134, 134 and 138 and that on the other side there is a limm, for no apparent reason, from 118 to 135—a hop and a skip over seven numbers. Why was it the next number to 110 made 121? But that's another story. The Lyons man was only going on the prima facie situation, which the New Yorker had never noticed. Again the Lyons man spoke.

"I'll make a mark of you on your own street.

Lyons man spoke:

"I'll make a mark of you on your own street.

That street is lighty-third street. You live near Madison avenue. The numbers run east from Fifth avenue. On the north side of the street are Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and so on."

"Naturally," remarked the Wall street man,

RAILROAD PLANS IN CHINA. PUSHING THE WORK OF CONSTRUC-

TION IN THE NORTHEAST. A Map Showing Lines Completed and Building and the Projects for Extension— American Locomotives Are All the Rage—Russia Pushing South in Manchuria.

Many railroads are projected for China, but few of them are beyond the stage of negotiation and fewer still are actually building. The country is making progress, however, and already about 350 miles of railroad are in operation. It is the purpose here, with the aid of the small map, to show the railroads now built or building and the most important projected routes. The numerals in the article refer to corresponding numbers on the map.

First among the roads now in full swing must be mentioned the Tientsin line(1) extending from Tong-Ku, the port of that great city. northeast to Shan-hal-kwan, where it crosses the great wall of China, penetrates thirty miles further north into the edge of Mongolia, and is still building. The part of the line now in operation is 210 miles long. It has been build-



ing for several years, and if the Chinese man agers would only place the practical direction n the hands of foreign railroad men the road would yield good financial returns.

To the northwest of Tientsin extends the single-track road eighty miles long to Pekin (2), which has been carrying passengers and freight for nearly a year. It is doing a really excellent business both in freight and passengers, and, though it is managed by the most profitable short railroads in the world. The first section of the coming great rail-

road of China, which is to extend from Pekin to Hankow, has been completed from the capital as far as Pacting (3). A little line twelve miles long (4) has been built between Shanghai and Wu-Sung, but, although the work was completed about the time trains began to run to Pekin, no rolling stock has yet been placed on the road. This completes the list of lines in operation. With the exception of the Wu-Sung road they are all owned by the Government and were constructed by Chinese labor under the direction of English engineers. Mr. C. W. Kinder has been in China's service for fifteen years as civil engineer and all railroad building thus far has been under his direction. The cars are of the Amercan type, and the locomotives on the Pekin and the Paoting roads came from this country. Railroad construction thus far has combined British and American ideas, modified to suit local conditions. The Wu-Sung line was built under the direction of German engineers, but all the locomotives have been ordered from

all the locomotives have been ordered from America.

Passing now to the projected lines, we find that the Chinese Government has authorized Russia to build a short cut from the Transsiberian Railroad (5) across Chinese territery to Vladivostock (6). This line will be about 800 miles long, but as part of the country is extremely rugged the cost will be large. Its name will be the Eastern Chinese Railroad. Ostensibly it will be a Chinese line, but the surveys are being carried out by Russian engineers and Russian money will build the road. The Chinese have no part in it, except to grade the roadbod and work in the cockhouses. Construction has not yet begun and only a small part of the route has been surveyed, but the engineers are pushing the survey in sections, and the road will certainly acrea handy man with fools clock through the saked me to look through the saked and yet wasn't any. You'd have got nothing, says the man, and then he asked me to look through the saked me to look through the saked me to look through the sake that there wasn't any. You'd have got nothing, says the man, and then he asked me to look through the saked me to look through the sake that there wasn't any. You'd have got nothing, says the man, and then he asked me to look through the sake that there wasn't any. You'd have got nothing, says the man, and then he asked me to look through the sake that there wasn't any. You'd have got nothing, says the man, and then he asked me to look through the sake that there wasn't any. You'd have got nothing, says the man, and then he asked me to look through the sake that there was wasn't any. You'd ha pleted in a few years. It will be of great advantage to Russia. Manchuria produces vast quantities of food forman and beast, and this rallroad, running through a rich part of that berian Railroad, will place Manchuria's vast resources within easy reach of the Russians,

The railroad now in operation beyond Shanhai-kwan will be extended northward (7) to meet the Eastern Chinese road to Vladivostock Another projected line (8) which has already been the subject of preliminary study is to extend from Pekin via Kalgan and Kiakhta to Verkhnieudinsk on the Trans-Siberian Railportant. Along this route hundreds of thousands of camels travel every year carrying tea to Siberia and returning with wool, camel's hair and furs. The road from Pekin to Hankow and Contor

across China from north to south, will be the

principal railroad in the empire. Various syndicates have been trying for the past fifteen years to secure the concession to build it. Among them were some American syndicates which imagined from time to time that the prize was within their grasp, but it cluded them. The Chinese Government flouily signed coing on the prima facie situation, which the New Yorker had never noticed. Again the Yell make a mark of you on your own street. That street is Eighty-third street. You live near Madison avenue. The numbers run enact street are Nos. 1, 5, 7, 2, and so on the Yell make a mark of you had not not the Yell. The Yell was somewhat nettled and "Well." continued the "hayseed," "what's the number cast of No. 13". The Nos. 1, 1, 7, 2, and so on the Yell." continued the "hayseed," "what's the number cast of No. 13". And what is the number next to and east of 11? No. 13.

Not on your He. It is No. 11A, and the next house castward without a break. Why is it was in some castward without a break. Why is it wo had not never the yell of the Yell. Yell we had not had not you make the yell of the Yell. Yell you had not been made to have a wind you have the yell of the Yell. Yell you have you get a yell of the Has Humor by Telling a Joke on Herself. There is no how why the line side, there are several who have a "claim" in that direction. But not all of them are able to sense the poke when it happens to be on them. This woman, however, has this ability and proves it by telling this story about herself. "At one time," she says, "we had a color when all on the doctor. So one norming, when Dr. Had its the the brokest the highest who have a "claim" in that direction. But not all of them are able to know how has all the yell of the story about herself. "At one time," she says, "we had a color when all on the doctor. So one norming, when Dr. Had its the household that Dr. Had was the she will be a contract a year or so ago with a Franco-Belgian syndicate under the terms of which the syndicate agrees to build and put in operation

THE RETIRED BURGLAR. One of the Most Curious of All His Many

Remarkable Experiences.

"In the course of my time," said the retired burglar, "I have opened a considerable number of iron boxes of one sort and another, but never one under more peculiar circumstances than this one, in a house in a small town in this State. This safe stood in the dining room against the wall on one side; my light fell on it when I opened the door of the room to look in. It was a big, old-fashioned safe: more tikely, here, to contain documents and mortgages and one thing and another like that, than money. But a safe is always a pleasant thing to look at, it makes you think of money. anyway, and so I was glad to see this safe, and, of course, I hoped I'd find a lot of stuff in it, too. Then I started to swing my lamp around to take a glance at the rest of the room before walking n, but I hadn't more'n begun to move it before I brought into the light a pair of shoes with the heels on the floor and the soles up at an angle of about 45 degrees, toes toward the There were feet in those shoes, of course, and the legs went up from the other side at an angle of 45 degrees, to what I didn't need to look to see was a man sitting there in a chair in front of the safe, asleep. Well, now, you know, that was unexpect-

ed; and while a man in my business must exect and while a man in my ousness must expect unexpected things and be ready for 'em, and not be surprised or startled, this was really so very unusual that I will admit I was just a little bit startled by it, and my hand must have shaken a little, and while under most circumstances that wouldn't have made the slightest difference in the world, here it made all the difference, for the hand that shook was the one holding the lamp, which was at that moment close to the jamb of the door. I knocked the lamp against it; just a little bit of a tick, but enough to wake up the sleeber; I could see his feet draw up toward the chair. "Then I wanted to get out myself, and I started along the hall I was in coward the callar door I'd come in at, but I hadn't taken two atens before I heard a man say: "Hell on there—wait. Come back." "And I went back. It was a command, but it was an invitation, too; and I was ready to meet it, or to chance it; and I went back to the dining room and looked in and saw a man lighting the gas; he'd been having for a light before a kerosene lamp that I saw now standing on the table with the oil burned out. The man turned and says to me:

"Come in."
"He wasn't quite so tall as I was, but he was pretty solid says for a cityen who could have pect unexpected things and be ready for 'em.

man furned and says to me:

"Come in."

"He wasn't quite so tall as I was, but he was a pretty solid sort of a citizen, who could have held his own with me in a square rough and tumble, easy; and he was a man who was accustomed to bossing things and having folks do what he said. I couldn't tell for the life of me what he was, what his business was, but I guess he as s just simply the richest man in the town and spent his time looking after his property. And when I'd come in he says:

"What's your business, my friend?"

"And I said I was a travelling blacksmith.

"I'm' he says. You do most of your work nights?"

"And I said yes, I did do more or less night work.

work.

"And I magine rou've got a handy kit of tools right in that hag there, now,' he says, pointing to my hag, that I had set down alongside of the chair I was sitting in.

I had louds there for any ordiside of the chair I was sitting in.
"And I said yes, I had tools there for any ordi-

side of the chair I was sitting in.

"And I said yes, I had tools there for any ordinary work.

"You see that safe?' the man says, pointing toward the safe he'd "sen sitting in front of when I first looked in, and I looked at it and saw the big, old-fashioned safe, looking very imposing and strong, but a safe that a man that knew he we could cut into about as easy as he could a cheese, and I said yes, I did.

"Well, says the man, I want to get into that safe. There's some vapers in there that I've got to have in court to-morrow morning, or this morning, rather, at so-and-se, at 10 o'clock. And I've broken the key and I've been trying here for half the night to break the safe open. Do you suppose you could open it?

"Well, I had to kind of cough to conceal my emotions, because I could have opened the old box, you know, in ten minutes; but I said yes, I could open it, I thought.

"Well, now," says the man, 'you pitch in and open it,' and he sat down in a chair there near the safe and got ready to see me work. And I put my bod yer and greatly interested. He was a man of years, but this was something new to him.

"In about three-quarters of an hour I had the door of the safe off and laid on its back on the floor.

"You certainly are a handy man with tools eh' says the man, and then asked me to

You certainly are a handy man with tools

over it. He just let me out the door and didn't even say good-night.
"Curious things happen in my business? Yes, they do, sure; no doubt about it. A man may go for days and weeks and nothing what-ever hatbeen; everybody sound asleep and you just walk in and walk out, and that's all there more'n likely to be something out of the usual

WHY HE LED THE TICKET.

Secret Why the Late Judge Ward Ban Ahead of His Ticket in This City in 1879.

"It has always been a mystery to politicians. said a lawyer of this city, "why the late Hamilton Ward of Allegany county, with no known elements of personal popularity in New York city, should have run several hundred votes ahead of his ticket here in 1879, when he was the Republican candidate for Secretary of State. Judge Ward's death, which occurred a few days ago, reminds me that two or three years ago I met him at a judiciary convention at which he was a conspicuous figure, and I asked him if he could explain why it was that he had led his ticket in New York city at that election.
"'Why, yes,' he said, 'I'll tell you just how

that ha pened to come about. Toward the close of the civil war I was a member of Congress. I was passing by the Patent Office one day and saw an emaclated, forlorn-looking man, in a faded and tattered uniform of a Union soldier, sitting on the steps of the office His dejected appearance touched me, and I stopped and questioned him. I learned from him that he was an exchanged prisoner, having been in a Confederate prison along time. His time of service had expired, and he was trying to get something to do to support himself until he could recover his health. He had been for days trying to get an interview with the Commissioner of Patents, who had steadily refused to see him.

self until he could recover his health. He had been for days trying to get an interview with the Commissioner of Patents, who had steadily referred to see him.

"The fact that a man who had sacrificed so much for his country should be treated so shamefully by any one in official authority incensed me. I went at once and laid the coller's case before President Lincoln himself, and before many bours the soldier was provided with a place in the Patent Office. He proved to be a very efficient clerk and was rapidly promoted until he held one of the best places in the department. He was there several years, when he resigned to go into business for himself. I lost track of him after that.

"In 1871, during the cacyass of that year, I was in New York city. One day I was aurprised to receive a note from the man whom I had befriended fifteen years before. He requested me to have him supplied without fall with 1,200 pasters with my name printed on them. He said he had in his employ as a manufacturer in the city several hundred men, nearly all of them Democrats, and every one of whom would be only too glad to vote for me when they heard from his hips this story of how I had come to the aid of their employer, when he was not only poor but starving. I had the pasters provided as requested. They were used as he said they would be, and that is why I ran so much shead of my ticket in New York city."
"I asked the Judge who the man was.

"I can't tell you, said he. 'It would be viociting his conflictnee. He is a strong Democrat and a lending member of Tammany Hall."

TRUCKMEN DON'T SWEAR NOW.

A Better Way Found of Expressing Their Sentiments to Horse Car Drivers.

"No." said the big truck man as he slowly made rings with the bottom of his beer glass on the saloon table, "a driver of a truck don't need to use any bad language any more. Why only the other day I had about three ton on and I was other day I had about three ton on and I was awaiging into West street at Warren when along comes a Beit line horse car with a guy working the brake and hollering on a slippery track. I swang my forward gear to the right and fetched him on the front platform with the big ligaum vita huboi the after wheel and took and lifted the whole front platform over the backs of his horses. I then lighted a cigarette and climbed down from the bridge and asked the driver if he wouldn't please remove his car and let me go along about my business." THE CASEY CHRISTENING.

TRIFLES TRAT CAUSED TROUBLE DOWN RED HOOK WAY. Quarrel Between Lovers-An Essay on Chenangos-Mrs. Casey's Victory Over

Her Husband-How the Casey Baby Was Called a Lobster Twice in One Night. It's wonderful how a woman can make a man decent—and sometimes keep him so. There's Corrigan. The time was when Corigan would rob a sailor, but now-heaven save

the mark-he works! This sacrifice of principle on Jamesy's part first shocked his friends, but as time wore on they became resigned to it, and while the filepant declared he'd never live it down, others prayed that he might not die in his sin. But of good stuff was Corrigan, and from indignant-ly denying that he ever worked at all he now blushingly admits that he makes a bluff at it. Man like, he blames it on the woman, and on a show-down he points to Maggie Reardon. But to any old place with casting up. Let bygones

Maggie lives down Red Hook way. So does Corrigan, that is if Corrigan's manner of life can be said to be living. But then he's a very busy man. He's guide, philosopher and friend to as fine a lot of freebooters as the sun shines on-lade of spirit, hearts of oak, mixed-ale pirates, and Chenangos all of them. The Chenango is a by-product, and this is how he happens at all at all:

"Good mornin', min."

"Good mornin', Dan." It's a street near the Erie Basin. "It's a frosty mornin' we have," says Hen-

neasy. "'Twill be warmer when the sun comes out," savs Dan. "Sure we'll not need it then," says Hen-DORRY.

"And why not?" asks Dan. "Here comes the boss, that's why," says Hennessy.

Men with hooks at their hips, and little heart in the hooks of some, poor fellows, are "It's a foine, high stumick he has," says

"It's like a fine right whale he is-all blubber." says Hennessy. "Tim Hennessy!" calls the foreman, coming up. "Here sir!" and out steps a fine hig lump of

man, and a willing, until the foreman calls als mother out of her name, and then-"Sandy McTavish!" "Yes, sir." Sandy is what he is. The far-downs don't like him. Hes red whiskers, was a lot in East New York and lives in Green-

point. The men forgive him all but this. "Hans Andersen!" "Yes, sir!" The midnight sun's in his face. seldom laughs. Never sings. Says but little. A worker. A good man, but clannish. Where were you yesterday, Andersen?

"A stork flew in, sir." "Fairy tales," says the foreman. "Boy o

asks the foreman

"Another longshoreman." Ob, he unbends ow and then, the foreman. "Jimmy Scott!" Oh, the Scotts are not at all from Scotland This one is from Naules, and looks it. He changed his name when he took the rings out f his ears. He might do worse, but the foreman can now pick him out by name and curse him. However, Jimmy earns more, and that's the trick.

"Tom Scott!" Same, A ringer, He. too. sold his jewelry. He, too, saw Naples and lived to tell it. A fine fellow this, of very excellent temper. Cries when he's angry, and bites his wrist. As he smiled when he stepped from the line he must have his knife with him. "Charley Bell!" "Yes, sir!" An ox-eyed Englishman and

beefy. A good sort, but tired of the blawstei country, you know. Has been going home by the next steamer for the last five years, but "Pete Schafer!" This man's father must have been a cavalryman. His legs are bowed.

"Mike Heffernan, Mike Heffernan!" "Yes, sir. Yes, sir." Here's a bunch of nerves! It's a liberal education to know Mike. Mike would rather fight than eat. When he eats he rolls up his sleeves; when he fights, his trousers. One of those peevish, highvoiced, wiry little fellows; the kind that get up in a Clan-na-Gael meeting, with his head on one side like a cock sparrow, and says, says he: "Mr. President," says he, throwing out his chest, "I move you, sir," says he, "that that table be put on the other side of the room." It's of absolutely no importance where the table stands, but up pops another wee bit of a man, just as peevish, just as pert, just such shies his bonnet in the ring and says, says he: "Mr. President, I move you, sir, by ---, I

guessh not!" Rang! and then the lights go out. The patrol wagon does the rest, "John McCartney." "Here, sir." John is an Orangeman. He only has to whistle the "Boyne Water" when the sense of peace oppresses him. The gangway man-a Cavan man at that-will drop a bale of hav on John some day and kill him. And so it goes all down the line, day in, day

out, at all times and in all weathers. "Gang on hatch two work number three today," says the foreman. "Get a move on you, you fellows."

Clambering up the ship, some to the gangway, others to the winch, slingers in the hold. these big, sturdy fellows, men of many nations, move mountains. And the foreman, a brute, a gentleman, a conglomerate, all things to all men, a picturesque liar often, he leave with his arms above the cambings of the hatch and shouts to the men in the bold: "You damned lot of lazy lobsters! You're

not doing a thing! You're soldiering!"
"Faith we are that," mutters Hennessy,
"and we're at home in bed. It's blood he

"Faith we are that," mutters Hennessy, "and we're at home in bed. It's blood he wants."

They say men work along the lines of least resistance. What, then, shall be said of the group-heaven help them!—who, il' clad. coid and huegry, look moon the vigor, the brawn, the wheat, going into the ship, while they, the weak, the shakings of the sleve, the chaff, remain to be blown about as the wind listeth? They lack objective every man of them, and the foreman, blind to all things but the work on hand, resects them—always rejects them. They are chemanges. They jack up odd jobs along the beach and live as they can, heaven pity them?

Now, of these was Corrigan. He might be worse. Indeed, he was in days agone. But when Maggie shamed him into wearing his own hat—bought from a wagon with his own good money, mind you—rather than the fried egg lifted from an English mate, certainly a step had been mate in the path of righteousness. True, she had reached him through his vanity, but her constant play upon his weaknesses had male him strong. And when one day—and he wasn't looking for it, either—he spied a very gildy coat on a very drunken mate—one, too, that looked as if it might just fit him, he—how temptations do beset a man! he—what a checkrein conscience is—he just—oh, these moral instruments that sit in countil—he what a checkrein conscience is—he just—oh, these moral instruments that sit in countil—he what a checkrein conscience is—he just—oh, these moral instruments that sit in countil—he what a checkrein conscience is—he just—oh, these moral instruments that sit in countil—he what a checkrein conscience is—he just—oh, these moral instruments that sit in countil—he what a checkrein conscience is—he just—oh, these moral instruments that sit in countil—he was the just put it on, walked around the bloch.

to see how it would look—and forgot to come back.

It's remarkable how self-denial will in the end benedt a man. Corrigan's abstention had improved his taste. and he now wore nothing that he really didn't need, or that didn't look just so. Like more pretentious men he was honest—conditionally.

Now, Jamesy loved Macgie after a South Brooklyn fashion, and manys and manys the time he threatened to get a clean shave and marry her.

Wat de hell," said Jamesy to her on Thursday last, "a shave only costs a nickel an' I dunday language."

marry her.

"Wat de heil," said Jamesy to her on Thursday last, "a shave only costs a nickel an "I dunno but I cud swing de ginny at dat. De gang wad av broke his winder long ago but for me."

Among other things Corrigan was a conservative force. He knew that. He stood for law and order, he did—Corrigan's law and order, that is. Sometimes of course—and this is said more in bity than in anger—he and the costice differed over the essentials of what constituted law and order; but it was give and take; the cost would have it their way to-day and Corrigan would get the big end of the stick tomorrow. And there you are. Simple enough. "But me mother," urged Maggis meekly. While she appreciated the advantage of a shave on sceneral principles, she hesitated to take the step with or without a baroer. She knew, of course, she'd have to put up the nickel, but, after all, it really wasn't her shave: 'twas Jamesy's. The shave was on her only in the sense that she paid for it, but the lathering he'd get in the knew, of seeing her sweetheast with a clean face appealed to Maggie—

it would appeal to any lady—and was in itself an inducement to marriage, and like a true woman she stood weighing the loss of a sixday beard against the tongue thrashing abe'd be sure to get in the house.

"What will she say?" repented Maggie, as if talking to hersell.

"To hell wid de ole woman!" blurted Jamesy in the true spirit of his associations. "Leave it to me."

Ehe was perfectly willing to leave it to him, but it pained her to hear her mother called the "ole woman." and she told Corrigan so.

Aias, what trifles change the current of our lives! Here, now, was the parting of the ways. Not in nagging tones at all did Maggie speak, but firmly, yet kindly. Married or single she could but Insist that the honest woman that gave her birth should be spoken of with consideration and rospect. And if ever, te. That'll do, Maggie. Good for you, girl. You didn't say it just that way, but you gave Jamesy cold feet all right. It's strange how a man gets chilly in his punnings when his best girl calls him down, when away down in bis honest heart he knows she's right.

But Corrigan! Corrigan had become a cad. Work had ruined him, He only whistled—whistled in her face—"She was bred in Old Kentucky." and turning from her added, "I don't think." Such charming ways has Corrigan. So masierful.

But there's an end to all things. A girl can't stand everything from her fellow. Oh, she didn't know. There were others, Of course there were. Mike "offey didn't lay out that park on Richard street—with not a blessed blade of grass in it—and not leave room for them. Oh, no! She knew other gentlemen that could rob a sallor. Yes, indeed. There was Nick Hueston, for example, who wore a different pair of shoes every blessed week that certainly were never made in this country. True, they never fitted him, but what of that? One can't go about picking out drunken senmoto. Pesides, Nick always got a better price for his vote than any other lad in his district, and that, to Maggie's mind, was a gratifying evidence of the commercial instinct we for, as Casey said, sure any one could have a girl. Casey nover denies himself. He want the best that's going. The wife auggested Michael for the child—

The wife suggested Michael for the child—he might grow up to be a policeman, she thought. She had heard of the archangel Michael driving the rebellious spirits into hell, and he must have been a policeman. Casey suggested John, after his brother. His brother's name was Jack, but they sometimes called him John.

Usually Casey rules his house affairs, but the wife felt that she had a right to be heard in this case. It was Michael or nothing with the woman. It was Michael or nothing with the woman. It was Jack or fight with the man. "Michael," said the wife, flouncing from the table as mad as a wet hen.

"John," said Casey, pounding the beard.
"Michael," and she kicked the cat.
"John," and he threw his supper on the floor.

loor. "Michael," said she, hurling the lighted

"Michael," said she, hurling the lighted lamp.

"You win." says Casey. So Michael it wis. The wife got all that was coming to her. Friffing quarrels!

To the christening came the lads and lassies of the ward. I ris from the corset factory forminst the church; members of the free and unnecepted order of wall flowers and lady truck drivers; hobbledehoys from the kindling woodyard, with sawdust in their cars and an elegant thirst caring not a tinker's damn whether the child was two weeks old or two Cousand, so there's a bead on the beer, came bounding up the stairs. There were men of brawn and blood disguised in white shirts, a sprinkling here and there of Chenangos with coffin nails in their mouths, and Maggie, Maggie Reardon.

Got bless you, Maggie! You're the one blade of guass one finds often struggling from be-

gie Hearden.

Gol bless you, Maggie! You're the one blade of giass one finds often struggling from beneath a stone. There's but one charge that can be safely brought against you, and that is, you're a woman. You may never live it down, but at least try and forget it.

When their thirst had been slaked, then, like the cry of the Roman populace for Christian blood, the guests demanded a sight of the child. Maggie was the color-bearer and she it was they sent for the olive branch of peace. Back she came, cooing to the little one, and broud as if it were her own. In a long white, handsome gown, bought at Pickleswoffer's, on Columbia street, marked down to \$1.18, were \$2.00, the babe looked as rosy as a May morn. One fresh guy, thinking to be gay, and to air his half-baked knowledge, called it a Homarus Americanus, at which they all laughed heartily. Caser in particular. The words were new around the Eric Basin, and they tickled the ears of the groundlings. The smart guy thought he had thrown up a trench in the use of the phrase, but when Father Curran came in Casey sidles up to him and says, says he, his face all smiles.

sidles up to him and says, says he, his face all smiles:

"Father, beggin' your pardon," says he, "what—what the devil is a—what's the word?" asket he, t'rining to the group.

"Homarus Americanus," they all shouted.

"Yes, that," says Casey, hanging on the father's words, still smilling.

"Why, Mr. Casey," says the father, joining in the general laugh, "It means an American lobster."

well, sir, they had to throw Caser on the well, sir, they had to throw Caser on the moor and sir on him until the guy got home. You may feet Caser, but you cannot play upon him. The guy will be color-blind if Caser finds him.

But the child was rassed around, at any rate, and some sector that they was all to me leads.

finds him.

But the child was nassed around, at any rate, and some, seeing that there was still some beer in the keg, were bod in the revolumations of delight. They like less humble folk were playing; blue chips for future favors. But the majority were singere, as it cost them nothing. They have health and strength—and that laughs. They have health and strength—and riches in their contenument. Somes were sung, they danced, the witty word was passed and they tonsted, as they tipped their glasses, to happier days. They had left their sorrows at the door. They were as children.

In the full swing of enjoyment were they—and the green car had passed the door—when in walks our two chenangos, Corrigan and Hueston, "potted." Father Curran had gone home, and Maggie, as godmother—baving made all sorts of promises at the baptismal font that she'll never keep—still held the child.

Now, Hueston was the more sober of the two—a question of casacity, merely—and Maggie, thinking to play both ends against the middle, to please Hueston and to cut Corrigan, tenderly placed the child in Hueston's arms, and Hueston, cock-eyed, looked the baby over in a grougy sort of way and says:

"Who's is de kid?" Casey stood, by smilling. Tasy, who's is de kid?" And Maggie, laughling, answered:

"Why, Mr. Casey's here, of course."

"Well, I'll take me out." says Corrigan, blear-eyel, looking round the room. "Thinke me out if I didn't tink it was Cassidy's. Why, Casey, it's a lobster."

That was all. There's peace in Red Hook now. Corrigan is out of business, but Casey wears he'll kill the next man that says he raises shellfish.

TO REFORM CANADA'S SENATE.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Suggests Means of Avoiding Future Legislative Dendlocks.

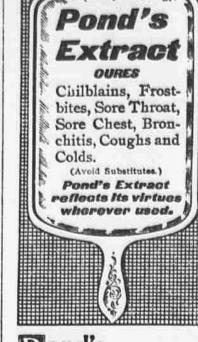
OTTAWA, Jan. G .- Sir Wilfrid Laurier purposes to reform the Canadian Senate. The upper house of the Dominion Parliament is composed principally of Conservatives, who are thoroughly partisan and subservient to party interests. At the call of their party leaders in the Commons they can block any important legislation which the present Government might introduce and pass through the popular chamber. This condition of things was most keenly felt at the last session of Parliament, when the chief measure, the Stickine-Teslin Railway bill, which the Government proposed during the sees on, was defeated by the Senate and the provisional contract, which had been signed months previous'y, and was then being acted upon by the contractors, was rendered acted upon by the contractors, was rendered annugatory, incurring an enormous liability on the country. During the session previous the senate aiso threw out the Government's bill concerning the Drommond country Railway. This serious menace to the safety of Government measures and the proper carrying out of its well-understood policy, simply owing to the overwhelming precominance of the opposing political party in the Senate, is a hindrance to popular legislation which Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to remedy in the fairest possible manner.

popular legislation which Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to remedy in the fairest possible manner.

Speaking at a political banquet on Jan. 3, Sir Wilfrid said:

"I am in favor of a double Legislature in a country like ours, with a small population spread over an immense territory, including spread over an immense territory, including different religions and races, and so many interests and so many passions. I believe that a second chamber is a safeguard imposed by grave considerations, which cannot but appear to any man who reflects upon the position we occupy. We must reform the Senate so as to limit its powers and bring it under control. This is a very delicate question, and has given statesmen cause for very serious reflection. Shall we make the Senate elective? For my part I do not approve of that blea. The lower house represents the electorate. To make the upper house elective as well would simply double that part of the legislative machinery.

"What I propose is that in case of a conflict between the two chambers there should be a joint vote of the two taken together should decide the question. That is the reform which we submit to the people of Canada."



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quick relief in burns and bruises. estimonials from all classes prove its officacy. Price 50 cents; trial size 25 cents. All druggists, or sent by mail. Put up only by POND'S EX-TRACT CO., 76 Fifth Av., N.Y. City. There isn't anything "just as good." Communication

TRUTH UNADORNED

A Plain Statement of Facts Regarding & Banger Man's Luck. From the Daily Eastern Argu-

"It is true," said the man from Bagor, half sadly. "It is true that I brought five deer out of the woods, but they were all killed at . . . time, or very nearly so. I desire to be abanlutely accurate in making this statement suppose that if two persons were to be killed by the same flash of lightning there would be some atom of time between the death of the first and that of the second. It was so in this case. I want to be exactly accurate and to have it so understood. "My conscience acquits me of an intentional

violation of the law. No Bangor man ever knowingly violates a law. For example, wa do not believe in the prohibitory law, but wa respect it. It is a law, and as far as we can wa execute it. We are a law-abiding people. "Our party was made up of two ministers, a deacon, a Colonel and, myself. We brought back nine deer; the others killed one each,

while I bagged, if I may use the term, the ramaining five.
"It came about in this way. I was our hun-

"It came about in this way. I was out bunding a short distance from the came. I was anxious to get back early, because one of the ministers was to give a Blide reading, and I didn't want to miss it. A slight noise artracted my attention, and alancing up I -sw a fine buck. Without the slightest hesitation, and I may add without a touch of what they call the deer fever, I fired.

"I used a reseating rifle, and, as I afterward found, the first bullet passed through the brain of the buck, and then allied a fine does standing at that instant directly in range. In other words I secured as the result of my first shot two deer.

"Asyou know, an animal after receiving a fatal shot will give a convulsive lean. If nothing more, and despite the fact that it was shot directly through the brain the buck repredup, and, fearing that I was about to lose my game. I fired again. I may add that between my first and second shot no great time elapsed, a second or so, but nothing more. We paster, when I told the story, said many, man had resented, been soundly converted and forgiven in much less time than that presume it is so.

"But, short as was the time, the buck staggered and went down, passing as it were out of range of my second bullet, but that bullet did great execution. It massed through the brain of a doe, deflected, and struck the norms of a buck, and then buried itself in his heart of another doe. It was very remarkable; don't it strike you so?"

"Very, but that makes only four deer, and you said you killed five."

"You will parlon my correcting you," continued the man from Bangor, "but I said that I brought five doer from the woods. I only killed four; the fifth deer may be said to have more with an accidential deeth. As I said.

thread the man from Bangor, but I said that I brought five deer from the woods. I cold killed four; the fifth deer may be said to have met with an accidental death. As I said, after killing the doe the builet struck the horns of a buck. It was a clanding shot, and then it killed the second doe. The buck was unharmed, but of course the shock was considerable, enough to bring the animal to us knees. Then it strang up and attempted to dart away, but instead went down over a mass of rock and was killed. I got there just in time to save the meat.

"You had remarkable luck."

"I admit that I did have more than a common degree of good fortune, "said the man from Bangor, but, of caurse I don't want to boast of it. In fact, one of the ministers said to, me that evening. Many and many a man would have claimed that he killed all the the deer. It is to your credit that you have given us the plain, unvarnished facts. I did not think I deserved praise for simply telling the truth, but, as he said, there are, doubtlessmen, I fear even some Bangor men, who would have claimed that second buck."

BEAR OPERATION IN CALENDARY Sadle Instructed by Mamie in One Secret of

Successful Bargain Hunting.

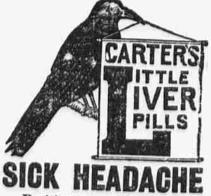
It was just before New Year's Day and Mamile and Sadie were having a friendly chat over the counter. Mamie was a diminutive sale-girl. not much older than Sadie, whose daily attention was given theoretically to the cry of

"Say, Mamie," remarked Sadie, "did ye see

Say, Mamie, remarked Sade, did years them calendars on the table two rooms over?" "Which ones?"
"Them 25-cent ones."
"Did 1 see 'em?" with peculiar emphasis from Mame as she pulled open a drawer and pointed triumphantly to two specimens of the said calendars.
"You lought two of 'em!" in awestruck tones from Sadie. "You bought two of 'em!" in awestruck tones
from Sadie.

Well, I ain't bought 'em yet. I just picked
out two of em and put 'em away. They'il
mark the ones that's left down to five cents
pretty soon. Then I'll put these here back an
buy 'em quick. See?"
Sadie saw, and her mouth fell open in admiring awe. Then she recovered herself.
"Say! will ye save one for me?"
"Sure."

Sadie rushed off and inside of two minute third calendar was in the drawer waiting to drop in prices.



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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